

importance, but rather to do thoroughly for each patient all that is required.

The greatest benefits of this system to the patients are the teaching of proper methods of living, cooking, care and feeding of children, general hygiene of the home, and the enormous advantages to the community derived from teaching cleanliness and proper care of themselves.

There is a broad field opening for the visiting nurse, and the demand for the right women is far in excess of the supply. If the visiting nurse associations and settlements are unable to secure a sufficient number of high grade nurses to carry on their work, it is time for the schools to come to their aid,—add to their curricula that instruction which will tend to direct the minds and interests of their students to this particular branch of nursing, and prepare them not only to accept the opportunity of visiting nursing, but to seek it.

During these four years, seventy nurses have had this two months' experience,—an average now of twenty a year. Eighteen of our graduates are now engaged in visiting nursing work,—fourteen in New York City and four in different parts of the country.

DAYS ON A FARM

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Respectfully dedicated to the nurses who are contemplating the purchase of farms.

WE, too, like the ladies of Cranford, had a strong desire to escape from the city, live on a farm, settle down, and enjoy the simple life. So we resigned our position in the big hospital, packed up our earthly possessions, and went forth to rediscover life from the viewpoint of a farm-house window.

There were a few long restful days at first, when we sat on the hillside, under the big pine tree, rejoicing in our escape from city noises and city crowds, blissfully ignorant of the delinquencies of the hired man, whose apples were still unpicked, and potatoes still in the ground, while winter was advancing with rapid strides. We may grow healthy and happy, and we may grow wise, in the country, sitting under a tree, but the work in the country somehow does not get done that way. So we sent to Washington and the State Agricultural College for bulletins of all sorts on farm subjects: "Soils and Trees," "Farm Animals," "Profits in Poultry," "Spraying for San José Scale," "Well-balanced

Rations," etc. We subscribed for all the alluring farm magazines with fascinating articles on the marvellous attainments of certain hens, fifty of whom would soon be defraying all the expenses of the place from the products of their industry. If we raised, in addition, a few Belgian hares or Angora cats, in any shed or old dry-goods box on the place, and sold them on some prominent street corner in New York, our fortunes would soon be made.

All through the long winter evenings we industriously studied farm books as eagerly as any probationer thirsting for knowledge pours over Gray's Anatomy. We compared all the brilliantly colored seed catalogues, selecting the biggest tomatoes and greenest peas, while we dreamed at night of the cool luscious melons and crisp radishes which would be ours when the summer should come, commiserating our poor sister nurses obliged to eat theirs dry and wilted from a city store. We should like to say, however, that buying from a green-grocer in the city is much easier than stooping over a garden bed for an hour or two, weeding and gathering the aforementioned crispness.

All day long we walked about the farm. We shut gates and barn doors which the man left open, we picked up the tools he scattered abroad, swept snow from the walks, and cooked mashies for the hens, thawed out frozen water pipes, churned butter, cleaned up the barn, sprayed trees, and carried water from the pond, in order that we might wash ourselves. Truly industry, patience, and perseverance, as one has said, "are inherent in the atmosphere of country life."

When we want anything that the village store does not supply we drive over to a small town, ten miles away. All the warm shawls and veils are brought out, soapstones for our feet are heated and wrapped in carpet, the harness is warmed by the kitchen fire, while the horses have an extra grooming and an early dinner, and the hired man dons his celluloid collar and most rakish hat, as the family is driving to town.

One cold day in February, with the thermometer at zero and the snow piled up in drifts along the stone walls, we started off to do our trading and to enjoy the unusual treat of a long sleigh-ride in the country. The trip over was uneventful; the snow lay deep in places, clear and white and still on the fields, here and there was a lonely farm house, with occasionally a farm dog coming out to bark a welcome, but few people were seen.

The night promised to be cold, and there would be no moon, so we hurried through our purchases and the hardware man kindly reheated our soapstones, but when we were ready, the hired man could not be found. The sights and sounds and companionship of the town had

lured him, just as they attract all of us, and it was dusk when he was found and dragged reluctantly away from the barber shop's convivial surroundings.

An hour later we were struggling through a heavy snow drift; suddenly there was a crashing, snapping sound, and our pole broke. We were over a mile from a house,—two city women, a young boy from southern Virginia, and a man unable to help us. The snow was above our waists when we stepped out, our pole was broken, and there was nothing to mend it with except a new snow shovel and a stout rope. To dig ourselves out was impossible, so it was decided to send the male element home on horseback for another sleigh, while we remained with the wreck until they should return.

It was then seven o'clock. We wrapped ourselves in the robes, enjoying the novelty of the situation, though hungry and growing cold. All that was lacking to complete a most thrilling experience was a few howling wolves.

Time went on, the night grew colder and darker, and we grew hungrier and less cheerful. Finally a light was seen on a hilltop and a cry heard: "Keep up your courage, I am bringing some coffee." The light came nearer, and with it a boy in a sleigh, holding out, not the coffee, but the top of a glass jar; the remainder of the jar and the coffee had been lost on the way.

We transferred the robes, the groceries and other purchases, and finally ourselves to the little sleigh, while our knight-errant, who could not be accommodated, mounted the horse, taking the bridle in one hand and the lighted lantern in the other.

We were still three miles from home, the way led past an old deserted church and graveyard on the slope of a steep hill, reminding us of Sleepy Hollow, not far away. Suddenly it seemed as if Ichabod Crane's pumpkin had rolled in our way, as we struck a large stone, overturned, and tumbled precipitately into a snow bank, while the groceries and hardware followed, sinking deeper and deeper as we rolled down the hill. The boy on the horse waved his lantern frantically while we struggled to our feet and tried to readjust our outfit.

After a few similar experiences, the rather weird procession reached home at ten o'clock, the whole family agreeing with Clarence, one of our boys, that "Miss McIsaac is n't in it with us."